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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1915.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day c' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily
for The Washington Herald.

GREETINGS.

Good morning, everybody! I don't care who
you be.
These crisp autumnal mornings you're good
enough for me.

With breezes cool and bracing, and skies so rarely
blue,
Or low or high

Don't say "GOOD MORNING" to
(Copyright, 1915.)

It is to be hoped that the correct pronunciation
of "bloodsinner" will be kept secret. There are
enough fighting words in general use already.

It is announced that the G. A. R. veterans will
be welcomed at the Pension Bureau throughout
the encampment. And they should be throughout
the remainder of their days.

The Californian farmer who wrote to the news-
papers that he had a bean yard long has already
been approached by several circuses, and now
wishes us to explain that he meant a runner bean.

The front row of one of the G. A. R. reviewing
stands should be reserved for those who believe
in peace at any price. It could not fail to do them
good to have a close view of the men who con-
stitute a living refutation of their policy.

Famine is said to be decimating the ostriches
in Africa. The reason is reported to be that the
last cargo of mail scissors—upon which these birds
are said to feed exclusively—was sunk by a sub-
marine while on its way to Cape Town.

A Baltimore court has decided that a boarding
house keeper may not retain a baby as security
for a board bill which its parents owe her. There
are plenty of fathers and mothers not only willing
to exchange their offspring for board and lodging
but eager to give it away; but a landlady laying
claim in court to her boarder's infant is something
of a novelty.

A Philadelphia ordinance having put the jitney
bus out of business, the "Peoples' Motor Club" has
been organized and every time a member pays 25
cents in dues he receives coupons entitling him to
six rides in the club cars, formerly the jitney
busses. If the plan stands the legal test a whole
lot of persons who are too proud to ride in a jitney
will no doubt join the club.

Reports from the border indicate that war with
Mexico is much more imminent than war with
Germany. American soil has been invaded and
American troops have repulsed the invaders, with
a loss of one killed and two wounded. However,
nothing more may come of it than when the
United States invaded Mexico a year and a half
ago, with much more serious losses on both sides.

Two members of the German-American Alliance
of St. Louis resigned after listening to a
speech in which another member referred to Presi-
dent Wilson as "a jackass, an ape, and a crook." There
must be some law, Federal or State, under
which the man who made use of these expressions
may be sent to prison. It should be invoked with-
out delay. Meanwhile the alliance should expel
him or disband.

Giacomo Giavelli, the famous New York truffle
hunter, is dead at the age of 64. Giavelli was the
man who introduced American sportsmen to the
art of shooting truffles over dogs, and also invented
the truffling iron—a sort of cross between a niblick
and a styne—with which the wounded truffles are
dispatched. He always maintained that the Ameri-
can truffle (Gallantinos ferox, known to scientists
as Gambel's truffle) was superior both in strength
and cunning to the European species which he
had snared as a youth in the forests of Lombardy.

There is nothing surprising about the series
of accidents in connection with the construction
of a new subway in New York; the wonder is
that there have not been more of them. Tunnel-
ing and burrowing under Manhattan Island, facili-
tated by dynamite blasting, while the heavy traffic
proceeds overhead, strikes the layman as danger-
ous business. It is not unlikely that those directing
the work have become so accustomed to taking
chances that they have ignored some precautions
that will be taken now that loss of life has taught
its lesson.

The fact that three fires have occurred in as
many days on a United States military reservation
in the Capital suggests a lack of proper vigi-
lance and precaution. The only logical deduction
is that an incendiary is at work; and while it is
surprising that he was able to succeed in the first
instance, it is doubly surprising that he found it
possible to continue his exploits after those in
charge of the Washington Barracks had been
given such emphatic and costly warning. Surely
the deeds of incendiaries all over the country, and
the damage done to United States warships, should
have had the effect of putting our military authori-
ties on guard, and it would be a sad state of affairs
indeed should we be compelled to admit that we
are unable to protect our own ships and army
buildings from criminals and cranks.

The Grand Army.

Washington today is proud to have within
reach of its welcoming hand most of the sur-
vivors of that Grand Army which saved to the
world its Greatest Republic half a century ago. Not
many of these gray patriots are left and if the
Capital ever sees this Grand Army again it will
know that it has reached the last page of a
glorious history. So let us pay to these veterans
that were the bulwark of the nation's days of
greatest peril some small part of the debt that we
owe them for their bravery, for the strength they
gave, for the sacrifice they made, for the suffer-
ing they endured when their lives were young—all
that the nation might live. The men and women
and children of today may do reverence and pay
grateful homage to these old heroes; the nation
may be generous in its care of them, but asking
nothing for the great service they gave their coun-
try, they still must be the creditors of posterity.

And while we offer to these soldiers who fought
with the legions of Grant and Sherman and the
other mighty warriors who rest in honored tombs
the best of our hospitality and the tenderness of our
care, let us remember that they are not the guests
of Washington. They have come to their Capital,
the Capital of their own America, for which they
have achieved nobly, magnificently, in war and in
peace. It is their right today to walk as proudly
in Washington as they marched in the grand
review fifty years ago. It is our privilege, in doing
all we can to make memorable what may be their
last visit to Washington as the Grand Army, to
show them that this later generation, enjoying the
blessing of peace, is worthy of their sacrifices and
deeds of valor.

Welcome, Grand Army, welcome to your own
Capital of your own Republic.

Exit Archibald.

It is not at all likely that proceedings will be
undertaken against James F. J. Archibald by the
United States authorities. When a man has made
a fool of himself—or worse—in the eyes of the
world there is nothing to be gained by giving him
an opportunity to pose as a martyr.

Any coldness which Mr. Archibald may here-
after experience in his journey through life will not
be due to his brief but tragic career as a confi-
dential agent of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassa-
dor. The air of opera bouffe that has distinguished
his valuable services in the cause has distracted
public attention from the more sinister question
of what would have been the result to the United
States if this and subsequent missions of the same
delicate nature had succeeded in their purpose.
There may be a few uncompromising souls who
believe that Mr. Archibald has forfeited his right
to American citizenship, but that will not be the
general view. He belongs in the camp of the
hypocrite.

Mr. Archibald is—or rather was—a war cor-
respondent. He followed a calling the very nature
of which demanded a high sense of honor, an
essential straightforwardness of thought and action
in its followers. Many privileges are extended
to the war correspondent of a neutral country
on the theory that his business is one of procuring
legitimate news for his public. And such has been
the high and honorable bearing of those who fol-
lowed this profession in the past that the sur-
veillance of war correspondents by the military
authorities has been purely perfunctory. As with
the armies to which the correspondent is accredi-
ted, so with the public at home. They believe what
he tells them, or at least accept it on the assump-
tion that he is their man, honestly endeavoring to
depict things as he sees them. His position in re-
gard to this audience no less than in regard to
those to whom he is accredited is one of trust.

That trust Mr. Archibald at the very outset
of the war proceeded to violate. He went to Ger-
many disguised as an American war correspondent.
He sent back reports that purported to be an
American war correspondent's honest impressions.
Many persons, not supposing that a man in Archi-
bald's position would play a double game, believed
all he sent. The articles were evidently not writ-
ten by Mr. Archibald, though they bore his name.
They were written by a German, in the kind of
English that a German would write. They dis-
played the habit of thought, the mental attitude
that only a German enjoys, that the most pro-
nounced Germanophile American cannot acquire.
They purported to be eyewitness reports of events
covering an extent of territory that Mr. Archibald
could not possibly have covered in the brief space
of time he had been at the German front. Inci-
dentally they contained statements that Mr. Archi-
bald must have well known were untrue.

As with the newspaper articles so with the lec-
tures. They purported to be the experiences of an
American war correspondent with the German
armies. They were official Austro-German lec-
tures prepared for the sole purpose of inclining
public opinion in the United States to the side of
the central empires.

It is immaterial whether Mr. Archibald was
paid a lump sum by the Teutonic governments for
his distinguished services or whether his remunera-
tion was confined to the returns from articles and
lectures. The material fact is that Mr. Archibald
posed as an American war correspondent when he
was really an Austro-German publicity agent. He
has provided his own punishment in the damage
he has done to his future career in this country.

Allies Take the Offensive.

British and French forces apparently have be-
gun what may be regarded as their first concerted
offensive campaign of the war against the Ger-
mans. They have proceeded with so much delib-
eration and after such long preparation that nat-
urally much will be hoped for by their sympa-
thizers from the important movement that now
seems to be fairly under way. The war has been
going Germany's way, reckoned by the number
of victories and the failure of the allies to show
actual progress in any direction, ever since the
drive started in Poland, and those observers who
failed to bear in mind Earl Kitchener's complacent
announcement in the beginning that the war would
last three years at least, have been disposed to re-
gard the German successes as indicating the final
outcome.

But, beginning with the realization that it would
require three years to accomplish their task, the
policy of the allies has been to permit the thor-
oughly prepared and tremendously effective Ger-
man military machine to expend some of its de-
structive force while augmenting their own
strength to hurl against it.

Though the first reports indicate a substantial
measure of success for the allies' offensive move-
ment, it will without doubt be stubbornly resisted,
and civilization must be prepared for new chap-

ters of horrors and staggering totals of killed and
wounded. England and France take the offensive
stronger than they have ever been. It remains to
be seen whether Germany, after the tremendous
drain of the Polish campaign, can oppose them with
a force sufficient for effective resistance. Thus
it appears probable that events of the next
few weeks will go far toward determining the du-
ration of the war.

Animals and Man.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

Whenever I go to a circus or to a zoological
garden I find myself, to my own amusement,
watching the animals with surprise. In my being
surprised there is no sense. And yet I enjoy the
experience. Of late I have been inquiring into
the cause.

Some time ago I experienced the sensation
when I was looking at a group of elephants. There
they stood, monsters, that they were, slowly and
gracefully lifting their long trunks, and peering at
the world with their shrewd little eyes, strangely
out of proportion to the rest of their bodies. When
they walked in a procession they swayed rhythm-
ically. During an interval of rest I stood in front
of one. A little boy offered him some peanuts.
With that long trunk he took them one by one
and deposited them in his huge mouth. In the
spirit of mischief, the boy held out a peanut and,
just as the end of the trunk was preparing to
close on it, he threw it away. The elephant, dis-
appointed and angry, shot from his trunk a shower
of moisture and dirt that completely enveloped the
boy.

Again I had that pleasurable surprise. The
elephant was behaving according to the nature of
elephants that I had read about in my school
days.

In watching a lion in his cage I am made
to realize all over again that this animal is a lion.
See how perfectly he plays his part. As he lies
there with his forepaws stretched out on the
ground, head raised, the thick mane standing like
a crown, the eyes resolutely gazing toward the
bars, he is every inch the king. At an indignity
he rises to his feet and paces up and down. Note
that long, thin body, with its graceful, quiet mo-
tion, the great head, perfect in its proportions,
finely adapted to the neck. Watching him is like
following a magnificent actor of tragedy. Not
for an instant does he forget to be his character.

Then there are the monkeys in their high cages,
diabolical and ludicrous in their resemblance to
human beings. But human beings they are not
for one instant. They are monkeys, and monkeys
only. They act like monkeys all the time. Every
motion is the motion of a monkey. Every sound
is monkey chatter. Two of them up in the corner
are getting into a squabble. Now they are fight-
ing. One bites the other. Since I last saw mon-
keys, a long time ago, all the monkeys of the
world have gone on behaving like monkeys.

Consider, too, the snakes. Some of them are
huge fellows, lying on the floor of their cages. A
few of the people watching them make faces of
disgust. But why should they? Just because
snakes are snakes? They are fulfilling their desti-
nity, exactly like the other animals. They are as
good actors as the monkeys or the lions or the
elephants. They never get out of the part. See
how beautiful they are. The big one lying over in
the corner, study him minutely. In every attribute
he is a snake. And that other little one, nearby,
see his eyes blazing and his tongue sticking out.
He is following his nature, too.

A woman beside me shivers and says, "Oh."
She would hate to be close to that snake. Per-
haps she thinks he would bite her and cause her
death. On the other hand, perhaps, through some
sense denied to us, he feels her enmity and re-
sponds in kind. Yet he may feel no enmity what-
ever.

As a matter of fact, doesn't science teach us
that snakes have their place in the world like all
creatures? If they were not tormented by man
they would let man alone.

I often think of a story told me by Charles
Kellogg, the naturalist. On one occasion while
he was motoring through the country he stopped
at a farm house and fell into conversation with the
farmer's wife. She told him that for months the
place had been overrun with gophers. He asked
her if there were any snakes in the neighborhood.
"Oh, no," she replied, "we have driven them all
out. We just made up our minds that we would
exterminate them." Kellogg, who liked snakes, re-
marked: "That's why you were bothered with
gophers. Snakes would have eaten them up."

In studying the snakes in their cages I won-
der how they feel about lying on their bellies all
the time. Do they mind? And as they slip lightly
over the earth, do they wish that, instead of walk-
ing with their bellies, they were supplied with legs?
I find myself smiling at the absurdity of my ques-
tions. Isn't a snake a snake in every part of his
being? If he could conceive of being anything else
he might not act the part of the snake nearly so
well. His way of act, being natural, must be
easy for him, and right.

After spending a little time among the animals
I catch myself taking the same point of view to-
ward human beings. There they are, women and
men, behaving exactly as such. Ever since I can
remember they have behaved in the same way. No
matter what part of the world I might be in, no
matter what the conditions might be, I should in-
stantly know them, not by their appearance alone,
but by their speech that I might happen to be
familiar with, but through a multitude of expres-
sions that I should recognize as human.

They must fulfil their destiny, too. They can
no more escape being what they are than those
animals. They have to do everything in the way
prescribed by their human nature. Exactly like
animals, they play their part in the drama of life.
To get out of the part is impossible. It would be
no less ridiculous for a man to try to become a
snake, or a monkey, or a lion, or an elephant than
to worry the animals into trying to be a man.

These limitations on our human nature and on
all animal nature we ought to keep in mind. Each
day it would be wholesome for us to give them
emphasis. They might be made to develop in us
a wider tolerance.

Already, somewhat vaguely and hazily, per-
haps with some reluctance, we recognize the in-
evitable laws of limitation in their wider expres-
sion. We should never think of really blaming an
elephant for acting like an elephant or a lion for
acting like a lion or a snake for acting like a snake.

We should never say to a snake or a lion or an
elephant or even a monkey, "Aren't you ashamed
of not being a man?"

Bombs from Chicago.

Without prejudice, it might be good warfare to
let some of that confiscated canned meat go to
Chicago.—Wall Street Journal.

OUR COUNTRY—
OUR PRESIDENT
A History of the American People
WOODROW WILSON
THE REAL UNIT OF POWER.

Published by a special arrangement with the President through
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IN 1922 Kentucky was made a State of the
Union, and her constitution, with its
frontier liberality, said nothing
about any qualification for the suffrage
except the qualifications of age and resi-
dence; but Tennessee, which came into
the Union as a frontier community than
Kentucky, required by her constitution
that voters should be owners of free-
holds.

There were also in almost every State
property qualifications for membership
in the lower House of the State legisla-
ture; and ownership of a very consid-
erable amount of property was an un-
derstanding prerequisite for election to the Sen-
ate of the States that they were looked upon
as bodies which of intention represented
the propertyed classes.

Both by law and by ancient custom
wealth and social consideration carried
with them also political privilege.
The law and custom already felt in
these matters the pressure of opinion.

The party that was gathering about
Mr. Jefferson, purposed, among other
things, the leveling of political privi-
lege.

The spirit of the rural nation was
against social distinctions. The essential
simplicity of its life made pretension ridi-
culous; the free movement of enter-
prise throughout its borders made the
individual man, with or without property,
it only be possessed energy and initiative,
the deal and only constant unit of power;
and the new nation was not long in
showing that it wished its government
conducted with the greatest simplicity,
plainness of the individual man.

There had been a significant flurry of
excited comment when the first Congress
under the constitution debated whether
in effecting it should speak of the
President of the United States as "His
Highness" or "His Excellency," or con-
fer upon him some other title of even
greater pomp and circumstance.

"Does the dignity of the nation then
constitute," Mr. Tucker, of South Carolina,
had cried, "in the exaltation of one man
and the humiliation of all the rest?"

It raised a very storm of angry and

Tomorrow—A Democratic People.

Woodrow Wilson

Morning Smiles.

"So Kate married her husband to re-
form him, did she succeed?"
The Shrewd Host—She is. She mashes
the potatoes by simply looking at them."
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The Swell Guest—Your cook is a very
handsome girl.
The Shrewd Host—She is. She mashes
the potatoes by simply looking at them."
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Well, Johnny, how did you like
school?"
"I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put
me on a chair and told me to sit there
for the present. And I sat and sat, and
she never gave me the present."—New
York World.

Employer—I'll hire you on one con-
dition. You must get results.
New Office Boy—Say, I'll get them
and the batteries and the hits and errors
within half an hour after every game—
Judge.

Vander—I thought your limousine was
minted.
Asternall—It was, but it has to be
painted again. I ordered it to be fin-
ished in neutral colors, and the idiotic
workmen painted it red, white and blue—
Life.

Bank Cashier—It has your husband's
name signed to it, but it does not state
how much money you want.
Madam—Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take
all there is.—The Bankers' Magazine.

Patient—After X-ray examination—
Nurse, could you find out where they're
going to put this man? He's got pictures
of me in his pockets—Exchange.

Tired Business Man—Take dancing les-
sons? Well, I guess not. There are too
many other ways by which I can make
a fool of myself.
His Loving Wife—Yes, dear, but you
have tried all of those—Judge.

Bank Cashier—This check, madam, isn't
filled in.
Madam—Isn't what?

Woman Most Forgetful.

Lost Property Clerk Philosophizes
on Feminine Mind.

Chicago, Sept. 25.—Who is the more
forgetful, man or woman?
Samuel Kross, who has been in charge
of the La Salle Street Depot lost and
found station for a number of years,
answered this question by dictating to
the feminine sex. Thousands of dollars
are represented in the articles forgotten
in the trains and depots of Chicago every
year. Many of great value are left
through absentmindedness.

"I was chatting some years ago with a
man who knew the Moody family well
who told me that it was with real re-
luctance that his uncle, the late Mr. Moody,
made him a clerk in his Boston shoe store
when Moody was seventeen years of age.
The uncle was afraid that the boy did not
have the right kind of qualities to make
him a good salesman. But within a
month the uncle changed his mind. He
learned that the boy had extraordinary
gifts for successful salesmanship and he
greatly enjoyed him when his nephew de-
cided to go to Chicago, believing that
there he would find a better business op-
portunity. He had not been in Chicago
very long before his employer spoke with
amazement of his power as a salesman.
We now know that that was due to the
same psychological power which he
afterward so amazingly displayed in his
work as an evangelist. At 28 years of
age Moody had accumulated \$7,000. This
money represented his salesmanship and
his commission. He expected to increase
the amount to \$10,000 and then begin
business for himself. Instead of doing
an evangelist."

I asked Mr. Rankin if Mr. Moody left
any property. He did not. Mr. Rankin's reply.
"Not a cent." Mr. Rankin's reply.
"In order to feel certain that his wife
and children would be at least independ-
ent in case anything happened to him,
he made over all of the comparatively
small property which represented his
savings to Mrs. Moody and the children.
He executed no will, because he had no
estate."
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Has Kaiser Fooled Them?

"Has the Kaiser Fooled the Working
Class of Germany?" will be the subject
of a lecture to be given tonight at an
open-air meeting at Pennsylvania ave-
nue and Eighth street northwest, under
auspices of the Socialist party.

Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell of
"The Evangelist Who Would Have Made
a Great Editor."

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Doings of Society

The President, accompanied by Miss
Helen Woodrow Bones, Dr. Stockton As-
son, of Princeton, and Dr. Cary Gray-
son attended services at the Central
Presbyterian Church yesterday morning
and motored during the afternoon.

The Japanese Ambassador and Vis-
countess Chinda have returned to the
Embassy in K-street from Overlook, Blue
Ridge Summit, where they spent several
weeks of the summer.

The Secretary of War, who has spent
a few days with Mrs. Garrison at their
cottage at Seabright, will return to
Washington early this week. Mrs. Garri-
son is expected back the first of the
month.

Miss Nancy Lane, daughter of the Sec-
retary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, has
returned from a visit in the West, where
she was accompanied by her governess.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Charles E. Hughes
will arrive in town Wednesday from
Hartford, Conn., where they passed the
season. Their daughters, Miss Helen
Hughes and Miss Catherine Hughes, will
accompany them.

Mrs. John M. Evans, of Montana,
has returned to Washington and will
be joined by Representative Evans
early in October at their apartment
at the Wyoming.

Pay Inspector E. W. Bonaffon, U. S.
N. and Mrs. Bonaffon, after spending
the summer at Harmony, Va., Jam-
estown, R. I., have returned to their
quarters at the Washington Navy
Yard. Mrs. Bonaffon's mother, Mrs. W. H.
Claggett, who visited her at Jam-
estown, has returned to the city
with her, and for the present is with
her at the navy yard.

Mrs. W. T. S. Doyle, accompanied by
her daughter, Miss Helen Doyle,
and her little son, will arrive in this
country Thursday from Caracas, Ven-
ezuela, where they have spent the
last two months.

Mrs. James R. Mann will return to
her apartment at the Highlands to-
morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rep-
resentative and Mrs. Mann
visited Hawaii in the early spring.

Mrs. Fisher Norman announces the
engagement of her daughter, Gettie
Douglas, to Lieut. Roscoe C. Batson,
Tenth United States Infantry. Lieut.
Batson is a graduate of West Point,
class of 1911, and is stationed at
Camp E. S. Otis, Canal Zone. Miss
Norman is a daughter of the late
Feather Norman, Eighth United
States Infantry. She is at present visit-
ing her sister and brother-in-law,
Lieut. Herbert Wadsworth, at Balboa
Hospital, Panama. Mrs. Norman and
her mother, Mrs. Hall, will be at the
Porter the coming winter.

Lieut. Commander and Mrs. A. W.
Johnson will make their home during
the coming season at 1709 M street
northwest.

The marriage of Mrs. Mary Stockman
and Mr. Frank G. Campbell will take
place Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stock-
man. The Rev. A. E. Barrows will of-
ficiate. A reception will follow the cere-
mony.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armat have as
their guest Mrs. Armat's mother, Mrs.
Binkley.

Pay Inspector John H. Merriam, U. S.
N. and Mrs. Merriam, have returned
from Nahant, where they spent the sum-
mer, and have leased the house 1828 I
street northwest for the winter.

Col. T. P. Kane, United States Marine
Corps, and Mrs. Kane have returned to
this city and are at the Ogo Hotel for
the winter, as Col. Kane is taking a course
at the War College.

Mr. A. Perry Osborn, whose wedding
to Miss Anne Maynard Steele will take
place on Saturday of next week at Mount
Carmel Church, Baltimore, at 3 o'clock
p.m., gave his farewell bachelor dinner Sat-
urday evening in New York at the Knicker-
bocker Club.

Miss Eleonora Carroll Morgan, daugh-
ter of Dr. and Mrs. James Dudley Mor-
gan, is the guest for a week at the Mis-
sionaries at Montebello, their country
home in Baltimore county. Miss Morgan
has just returned from Beverly Farms,
Mass., where she visited Miss Frances
Williams, at Edgewater, the summer
home of the latter's brother-in-law and
sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leifer.

One of the most beautiful weddings of
the season was that of Miss Ruth Pilling
Harper, daughter of Mrs. Pilling, of